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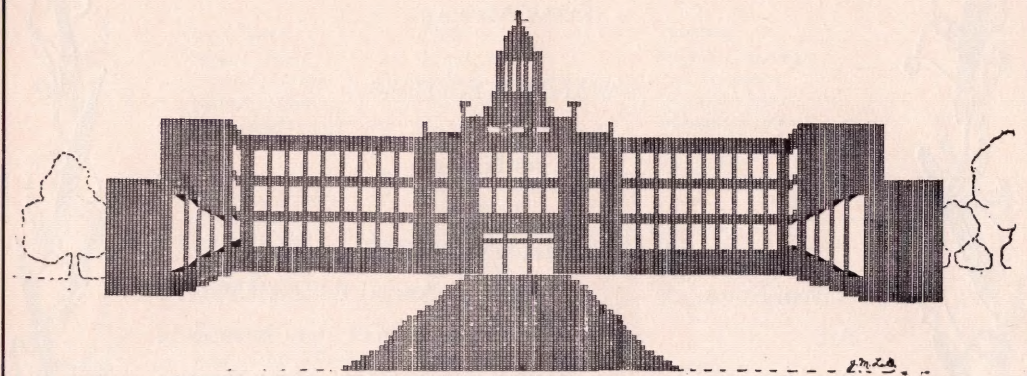
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EDITORIALS

A P.H.S. First

By Peter Russo, '65

IN the waning weeks of our first month of school, September, announcement was made of the National Merit Scholarship semi-finalists. Pittsfield High School had the incredible total of fifteen qualifiers. This total, it is needless to say, topped all public schools in the state. Only the exclusive Phillip's Academy in Andover had more. Its total was twenty-five.

The National Merit Scholarship tests were run in over 17,000 schools last spring. Only those who scored in the 98th percentile or higher reached the semi-finals in this comprehensive examination covering all the basic fields of study. The scholarships offered to finalists range from \$100 to \$1500 per year.

The students from P.H.S. are: Richard Adler, Gail Brogan, Daniel Cianfarini, Gregory Clark, Francine Duda, Gordon Duff, Ruth Fessenden, Daniel McMorris, James Nagle, Richard Partridge, Theda Politis, Stephen Rosenbaum, Mark Schlawin, Peyton Townes and James Weslowski.

The fantastic achievements of these fifteen is directly a result of their will and desire for an education. This eagerness and this zeal for knowledge, coupled with countless painstaking hours of study and homework were reflected in their scores.

Too, in an age when it is becoming fact that not only a bachelor's degree but a master's degree is needed, the tremendous job of the faculty played an important, if not the most important, role in the accumulation of knowledge of each semi-finalist. Without these devoted Knights of the blackboard, the achievement would have been less than spectacular, to say the least.

Although this examination cannot be used as a guide to the academic strength of a school, it does bear sufficient weight for us to believe we have the best school in this section of the state.

A tip of the STUDENT'S PEN hat to the semi-finalists and everyone who helped them.

Vanishing Adolescence

By Peter Danckert, '65

ADOLESCENCE, or "the teenage years," is supposedly one of the best periods in life. It is said to be a mad, social kaleidoscope of good cars, good friends, and good times. But most of all, the word "teenage" seems to bring forth in adults a mental picture of a rosy utopia where no one has knowledge of or cares about unpaid bills, income taxes, high rent, or the rest of the multitudinous of middle age troubles. Some of this image is true, of course, but a great portion of it is based on hazy remembrances and certain popular fallacies. In reality, today's adolescent is concerned with far more weighty problems than acne and the alarming scope of these problems is often too big for him to handle. Our "carefree" adolescent is rapidly becoming a fortyish worrier.

One cannot merely get by in high school for the college race is too fast and too demanding. The time of simple influence and affluence concerning higher education has just about passed. Now a student must enter the constant competition for the best marks, the highest college board scores and the most extra curricular activities. This "rat race" not only heightens tension, but is actually detrimental to the learning process. When one is struggling for higher and higher marks, the real goal of school, *the attainment of knowledge*, ceases to be important.

The joy of the teen years is, indeed, still present, but it is becoming increasingly more difficult to wash away the tension and frustration of "vanishing adolescence."

The Beatles are, after all, inadequate panaceas.

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ESSAYS

Classroom Insects

By Maureen Breden, '65

WHEN summer comes to an end and fall begins, various earthly creatures seek shelter from the elements. When school bells chime, one institute of learning, namely P.H.S., finds itself infested with all sorts of insects.

First of all there are the ladybugs, or style-setters as they are more commonly known, who introduce the latest fads for all the other ladybugs to follow. Next comes the bumblebee who buzzes around every where gathering gossip for a day, and then buzzes the news to every available ear for a week, adding a little each time to the stories to make them more authentic.

Now it's the grasshopper's turn. These frisky fellows are found loitering in the corridors with antennae busily at work, ready to jump on the first homework paper that passes by them.

Another lowly creature is the caterpillar. This classroom crawler usually drops a pencil on the floor near a friend's desk in order to avoid suspicion while passing a note, then, mission accomplished, innocently crawls along the floor to retrieve his pencil and later usually finds himself crawling back to class after school. A similar circumstance is that of the caterpillar-turned-moth who, having a yen for flying, attempts to pass a note via airmail. This can be extremely dangerous, as in its flight the plane can be easily thrown off course by anything such as a stray breeze from the window, and instead of reaching its destination, lands in the teacher's hair and also lands him after school with his caterpillar friend.

Then there is the flea, usually a sophomore type insect, who has a special knack for getting under your skin or in your hair, although very few sophomores are tall enough to reach the latter.

Let us not forget the ants of which there are far too few in our school. They are the workers who study hard and get perfect marks. However, they must be ever on the alert, for if they are not careful they will fall prey to the ever-lurking grasshopper, as they are no match for his craft in finding a convenient way of getting his homework done.

Lunchtime brings out the locusts. These chubby little fellows are always the first to arrive in the lunchroom and the last to leave, and in between grab the thickest sandwiches, the biggest piece of cake, the largest amount of ice cream and the choicest morsels of their friends' leftovers and then leave the lunchroom free of food for the next lunch period.

In the beetle category there are two kinds of insects. Firstly there are those who amuse themselves by drumming on the desks, tapping their feet to imaginary music and shaking their hair out of their eyes, strongly reminding us of those four fellows who are currently infesting the country. Secondly, there are the distant relatives of the locust; this type of beetle chews on anything—pencils, books, rulers, splitballs, gum, shoes—anything!

Nearly every classroom has its spider, this a cagey one who is always spinning a web in high hopes of catching the teacher off guard with the purpose of securing a pass to walk the halls and shake himself awake from his nap in class. A jolly companion is the mosquito who goes around pestering everyone. He is related to the flea, only bigger and bolder as he puts the bite on you for money for lunches, bus-fare, etc.

The praying-mantis is an insect who stays up all night praying that the teacher will forget about such things as oral topics, tests, unfinished homework and even that the teacher will be absent from school that day.

A charming group of insects are the lightning bugs who wander around looking half-lit; the office flies who are forever landing on someone; the flirty butterflies who flit from boy to boy; the odd little crickets who go about the halls chirping and singing to themselves and the book-worms who sit in the back of the room looking very studious while reading comic books.

One bright spot in the classroom is the glow-worm. This is an enjoyable creature to be near, always warm hearted and sincere and a willing giver of time and talent—never too busy to be a friend. The light of friendship grows brighter with each passing day and one would indeed be fortunate to claim one of these for a friend.

However, with a lesser number of glow worms and ants in our school rooms than the rapidly increasing numbers of grasshoppers, spiders, beetles, fleas, etc., it has become imperative that each classroom be equipped with a strong controller of insects. Thus in every room at the head of the class stands a handy container of DDT ever ready to do its duty and with a quick flip of a finger makes short work of all insects.



The Ordeal of Hanging Out The Family Wash

By Joseph Arena, '66

THE most agonizing, deplorable, disgusting and aggravating chore of my time is (ugh) hanging out the family wash. I can not think of anything, no, not anything, that I "enjoy" more than standing at a clothesline, out in the brisk, cool, early morning air, pressing my hands into wet, cold clothes.

To me, nothing can be as uncomfortable as that, to say nothing of the awkwardness of the whole situation for me, a boy.

On those dreadful mornings I contend with many ordeals. First comes the trial of the clothes basket. Have you ever tried carrying a wicker basket, holding onto the farther end, while the other is lodged precariously on your hip? At times like these I envy the women of the old world who are able to perform the feat of balancing such things on their heads. Next is the torture of the clothespins. But here I have one advantage over the female sex—pockets, pockets all over. And so, I approach the rope.

The next ordeal—hanging. Towels and sheets and pillow cases and stockings pose no problems, but how does one hang such things as pants and shirts, skirts and blouses? Sometimes I think I'll never learn, since I usually hang the right-side-up clothes down, and vice-versa.

Now I am nowhere near the bottom of the basket and I have no more room to hang. I have two alternatives: retrace my steps, un-hanging and re-hanging the clothes closer together or, hang them from one rope to another. More often than not I choose the second solution.

By now, at last, I am nearing the end and the most torturous part of the ordeal begins. I stand embarrassed as I hang on the line the "unmentionables." I endure father's and brother's and my own, but mother's . . . Oh my! What can I do but close my eyes and pray that one of my friends just doesn't happen along and see me.

Finally, it is over. I trudge wearily back to my house. Yes, it is finally over, until the next time, and even now I begin to shudder at the very thought of it.

Darryl R.: How can you tell if you have an elephant in your sandwich?

Bill S.: His tail sticks out.

Bruce P.: How do you kill a pink elephant?

Sandy B.: Squeeze it until it turns blue and kill it with a blue elephant gun.

SHORT STORIES

The Pride of the Viejo

By Tim Strattner, '65

A WAVE of screaming *muchachos* rolled around the corner and rushed by the old man. The old man looked angrily back over his shoulder at them; they hadn't bumped into him, but no matter—he'd been looking angrily at laughing, screaming children for a long time. Often the children would tease the old man, but today they didn't bother. They were going to watch the local soccer team practice for tomorrow's game. Three women sat on a stoop and chattered about the things women chatter about anywhere in the world. The old man looked spitefully at them as he passed but they took no notice.

The old man toiled up the cobbled street until he reached the top of the hill. There was the hotel where the tourists stayed, and in the alley next to it, the hotel's three garbage cans. As the old man entered the alley Miguel, the kitchen boy, was going in the kitchen door.

"What do you want, old man?" he asked. He asked that every time he saw the old man come, even though he knew what he wanted. "*Buenos noches*," said the old man. Miguel chuckled as he closed the door behind him.

The old man scrounged in the middle garbage can until he came up with a box of cereal that was not quite empty. In the bottom was a handful of crumbled corn flakes, and the old man gobbled them greedily. Next he found a cold *tortilla* which he started to put in his pocket to save when in the can he found a piece of fat which was still warm.

"Lor Dios! Today is my lucky day," he thought. "I can eat the *tortilla* now and chew this fat on my way home." After the old man had eaten the *tortilla* the old man realized that he should have warmed it first; it

would have tasted better. The old man hurried as he finished looking through the can, for he didn't want the fat to get cold. As he left the alley, the old man popped the fat into his mouth and started back down the hill.

As he walked down the hill the old man passed the house of a man whom he had known from boyhood, Francisco Cuese, who was now living with his son. Cuese's withered body was balanced on a stool near the front door and his daughter-in-law sat at his feet humming and weaving a basket. Francisco seemed to come alive when he saw the old man. "How was your supper, eh?" he cackled gleefully. The old man stopped. He was tired of being the fool.

"Papa, be quiet!" said Cuese's daughter-in-law angrily. "You know how I hate that

Continued On Page Nine

The Last Step

By William Schrader, '65

MANKIND had long forgotten what sickness, pain, or death were like. It was the greatest triumph of man's ingenuity and reason that did away with these afflictions. The children entering school at 2 months laughed out loud when they came to study the customs of their prehistoric predecessors and read about that strange custom of eating. They could hardly believe that times were ever so primitive and men so stupid as to actually put matter in their mouths—just like the animals! The children were fascinated by the mysterious behaviorism called sleep by their ancestors. They couldn't grasp how puny a brain would have to be to have to spend a third of its existence

in rest. "Indeed," they would say, "think of the horror that faced those primitive bipeds to know that death awaited them after 80 some years of misery. Fortunately they were so stupid as not to realize the horror. They even had wars to promote death."

Now it was the year 2,005,142. The day of man's ultimate destiny had finally arrived. Science and technology had finally come to a culmination in creating computer LIFE. It took the genius and insight of all the great minds of the age to construct LIFE. No one really understood exactly how it would work. But the mathematics was valid, this was certain. On the fateful day each of the three billion inhabitants of earth took his seat in the huge machine. All the dials were set. All that was left was for the World President to pull the final lever. Then somehow the universe would go through complex space-time evolutions—the final upshot being the perfect world, the environment in which men would find extreme happiness. Without hesitation the lever was pulled; for there was no need to hesitate, to doubt. Man had long ago put all faith in reason, in the equations. So man's tale is completed. The irony of nature is fulfilled. Man's great defect was finally conquered by man's *reason*. It eliminated itself. It was man the savage that the machine fashioned.

The Pride of the Viejo

Continued From Page Eight

cackling laugh of yours. Be careful or you will be eating from garbage cans like this one." Cuese shrank back on the stool. "As for you, old man," she continued, "get away from here."

The fat was still warm and juicy in the old man's mouth. It would still have flavor even when he reached the overturned boat on the beach where he slept. Ah, but the temptation was strong.

He stepped up to Cuese and with a haughty look, spat the ugly mass of fat onto the stoop at his feet. He then turned to the woman. "I leave because I choose to." With that, he continued on his way.

Making Enemies

By Patrick Markham, '65

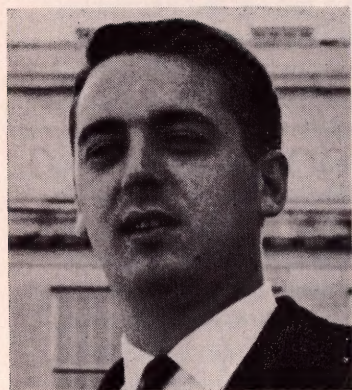
THERE are many ways of making enemies; in fact, the number is extremely hideous. It is much harder to be or to make a friend, than it is to be an enemy or to make an enemy. There is no positive technique in making enemies. It consists of basic ignorance and fickleness. The most common way is to be fickle—changing from one extreme to the other. This can be done in many ways, especially through a person's manners. Changing from an affable degree to a rude, discourteous one is an outstanding example of fickleness and an important foothold in the arduous ascent on the road to making enemies.



SO THEN I SAID 'LOOK
HERE CHIEF - - -'



NEW TEACHERS



Mr. Rodhouse



Mrs. Susich



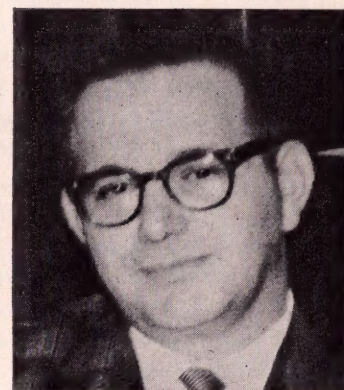
Mr. Voci



Mr. Pia



Miss Kelly



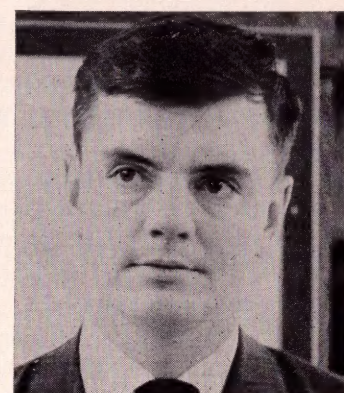
Mr. Maiorano



Mr. Caprio



Mr. Sylvester



Mr. Callaghan

EXCHANGES

Every year Pittsfield High exchanges magazines with various schools, both private and public. In return for sending THE PEN to these schools, P.H.S. receives their literary magazines. The following excerpts are taken from the newspapers of some of these schools

From *Cauldron*, West Orange High School,
Northfield Avenue, West Orange, N. J.

UNKNOWN

I never knew the joy of youth
until I was full grown.
I never knew what friendship was
until I stood alone.
I never knew God's beauteous earth
until I could not see.
I never knew what love was like
til it had flown from me.

Suzanne Arny, '64

9:00 A. M. THURSDAY MORNING

I pledge allegiance to the flag . . .
A tall basketball player is looking at the girl
with blonde hair standing in front of him
The blonde is wondering if her French twist is
unravelling
A math student is trying to remember the
formula for problem y

To the Republic for which it stands . . .
A brunette is figuring out how much time
she'll need to finish her English homework
A short boy with a cold is wondering if he has
any Kleenex with him
The sleepy boy standing in back of him is
hoping the boy has some Kleenex with him

One nation . . .
A girl wearing a red jumper is trying to remem-
ber if she left her history book at home or
if she even took it home
A boy wearing glasses is glancing at a news-
paper clipping lying on the desk next to
him, headline, Students riot in Panama—
something about a flag . . .

With liberty and justice for all.

With liberty and justice for all.

By Carolyn Holstein, '64

From *The Red and Black*, Rogers High
School, Newport, R. I.

BALLAD OF A MAGIC SHIP

By Suzanne Shaw

I went me down to buy a ship,
A Magic ship, for me,
A ship to sail to magic lands,
Upon a magic sea.

I looked well over all the ships
That hap'd to catch my eye;
Too big, too small, the ones there, all;
Sadly home trudged I.

I took the footpath through the wood
That led by the gurgling stream.
Through the brush I peered, catching sight
Of a sparkling, silvery gleam.

There in the bend of that gurgling stream,
In the reeds by the water's edge,
Sunbeams danced on a floating thing,
A piece of wood, shaped like a wedge.

To its tiny top I fastened a twig,
A little one, yet straight as a rail,
And from my shirtsleeve of homespun cloth,
I fashioned a tiny sail.

The sail whipped in the summer's breeze,
But sturdy my little ship stood;
It floated high on ripples blue,
For it boasted the finest wood.

With a wave of my hand and a whispered
good-bye

I sent my ship on its way,
To sail to far-away magic lands,
And into another day.

I had found at last my magic ship
To sail the magic sea;
I'll miss my ship, for I must stay,
And face reality.

From *Gleam*, Hillhouse High School, New Haven, Conn.

The round, blazing circle of fire glowed in the sky. Its fiery red, yellow and blinding white rays concealed the hate and animosity of the world. The sky, once a soft shade of blue, was changed into an ugly collage of white, green, yellow, red and black. The deadly heat of this "sun" burned everything upon contact. The once tall and stately palm trees exploded leaving torn and scarred trunks and mutilated branches. The beach sand, formerly white and pure, became a molten mass that flowed into the already boiling sea. There were no tides. The slender, graceful waves that had previously danced lightly, now slapped against the land forcefully like rawhide whips.

Everything was in a state of chaos, confusion and turmoil.

Someone pushed the button!

ROBERT KRAVITZ, 1965

From *Sequoia*, '64, Chamberlain High School, Tampa, Florida

CINQUAIN

Have you
Unlatched a gate
And slowly stepped into
A fearful world . . . then turned to find
No key?

Anna Schmidt '64

From *The Scribe*, Williston Academy, Easthampton, Mass.

FAKE OUT

"Do you realize that you are just a figment of my imagination?" said Bill to Ted. This infuriated Ted so he destroyed Bill.

Bill had been a figment of Ted's imagination.

Mark Zanger, '66

From *Sequoia*, '64, Chamberlain High School, Tampa, Florida.

DILEMMA

All
animate things
are traveling toward death.

Why is life so harsh to those who taste its joys?

Charles Vacher, '64

From *Sequoia*, '64, Chamberlain High School, Tampa, Florida.

THE SEA

Seagulls
see girls where the
sea curls up
on their toes;
blown bits
of sea-spit
sit
on the seagulls' beaks—
The sea is bad—
she smothers brothers
and sisters
in her fat arms;
the sea is good—
she is very clean
and beautiful—
I hate
I love
the sea.

Dianne Williams

From *Sequoia*, '64, Chamberlain High School, Tampa, Florida.

NOVEMBER, 1963

A noise
Awakes the world
and sleepers turn to see
Injustice, hate, and fear, then go . . .
To sleep.

Anna Schmidt, '64

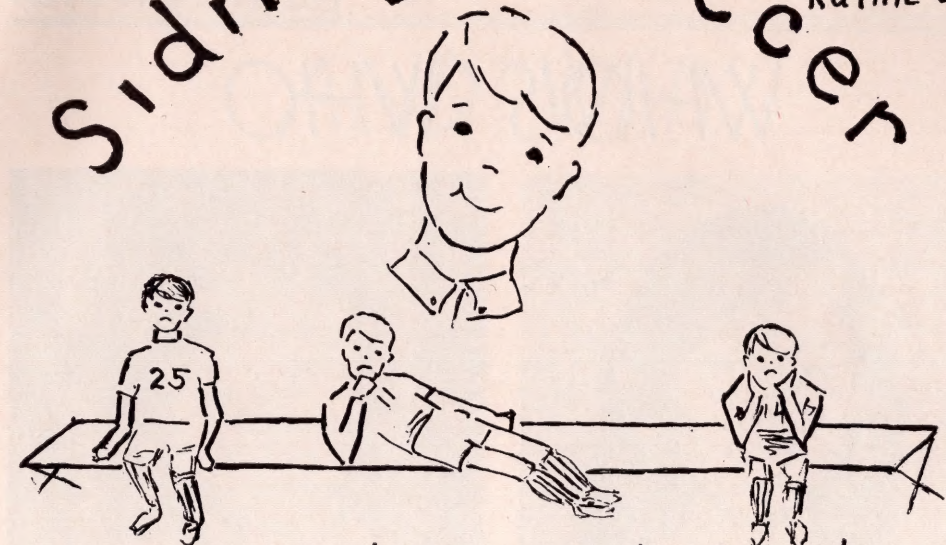
Dave S.: Why can't elephants dance?
Dee Dee F.: Because they have two left feet.

Mike M.: What happened to the grape
after the elephant stepped on it?

Mitch M.: It made a little wine.

Sidney Soccer

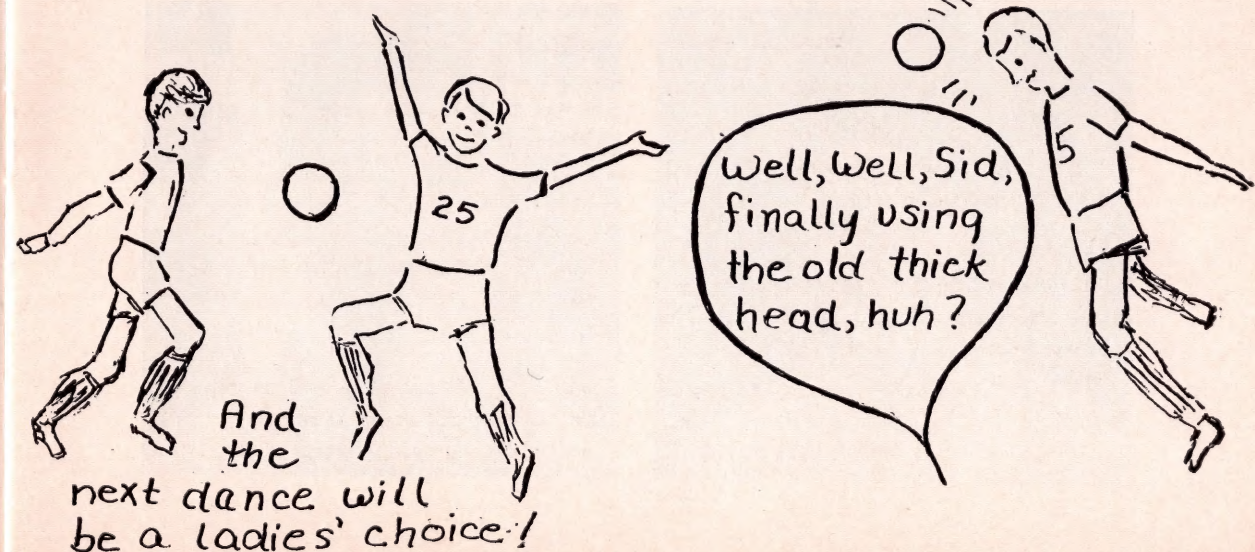
by Gail Danckert
and
Kathie Wineman



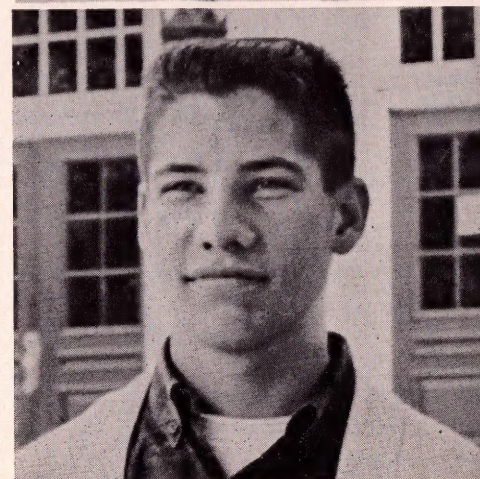
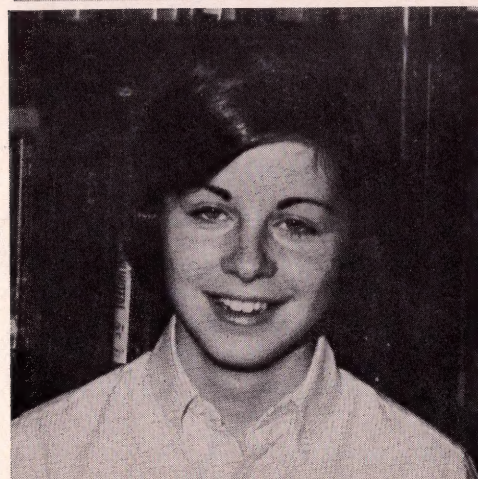
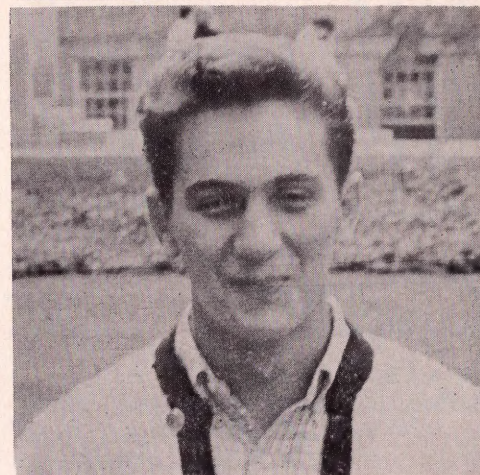
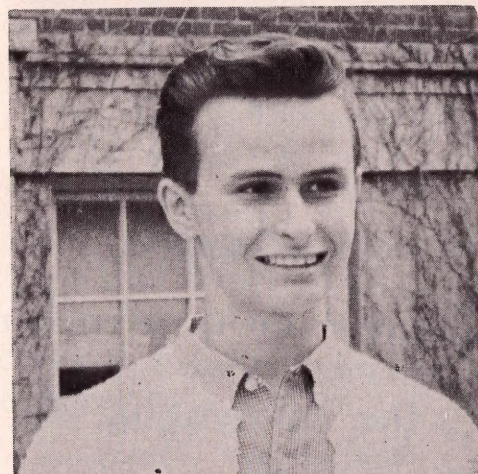
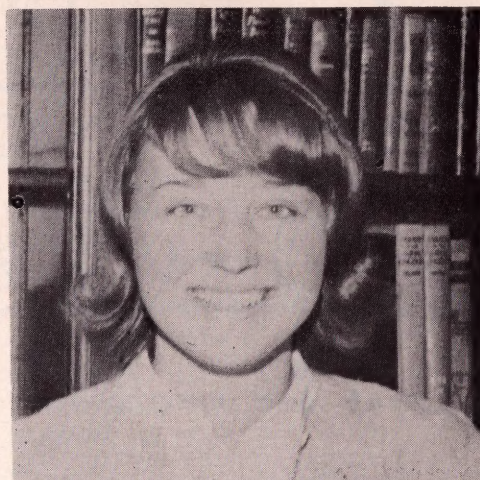
What we need is cheerleaders!



What do you mean
pipes aren't part of
the equipment, coach?



WHO'S WHO



AND WHY

KERRY MEEHAN

Meet Kerry Meehan, one of our outstanding Seniors. Kerry, a college prep student, is in English honors. Presently she is the co-chairman of the Election Committee, manager of Advertising on *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, and co-editor of the history committee on the *Dome*. Kerry, a cadet, has been an active member of both the G.A.A. and Pep Club for three years. After graduation, she hopes to attend Simmons College and to major in nursing.

PAT JOHNSTON

Pat Johnston is an active member of the senior class. Besides being president of G.A.A., she is also a member of the Cadettes, editor of the Girls' Sports page of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* and on the staff of the *In General* newspaper. Pat was Girls' vice-president in her junior year and has been a homeroom representative for two years. After graduation her plans include attending Wagner College and to major in nursing.

DOM CAPARELLO

GEORGE DAVIS

Meet George Davis, an active college prep student on the P.H.S. scene. Besides being a member of the chorus and Pep Club during his three years at P.H.S., he has also been in the cast of "Finian's Rainbow" and "L'il Abner". A member of the student council during his junior year, he was also a co-chairman of the Junior Prom Decorating Committee. This coming year promises to be just as busy for George, as he is all ready a member of the staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. After graduation George plans to attend college.

One active college preparatory student you're sure to see at every school function is Dominic Caparello, President of the Pep Club. As a junior he was co-chairman of the prom, and he was on the Class Council. In his sophomore and junior years he was a homeroom representative and was on the Student Council. For the past three years Dom has been on the staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* and has participated in Pep Club. Last year he was intramural wrestling champ for his weight class. This year he serves as an associate editor to *In General*. Dom's plans for the future include going to college, where he will major in marine biology.

PAT COUGHLIN

Although Pat Coughlin is certainly one of this year's smallest seniors, her size does not reflect on her participation in class activities at P.H.S. This year Pat is Editor-in-Chief of the school newspaper, *In General*, and a senior Cadette officer. She is also an active member of the Pep Club and the G.A.A. Last year, Pat did an excellent job as co-chairman of the Junior Prom. Outside of school, Pat works at the Pittsfield Girls Club. A college prep student, she hopes to teach in the future.

PETER RUSSO

Pete Russo, a senior here at P.H.S., is a College Prep student who is also in the Honors Math program. This year Pete is the Editor-in-Chief of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* as well as one of the co-captains of the baseball team.

In his junior year, Pete was a Homeroom Representative and also co-chairman on the publicity committee for the Junior Prom.

After graduating this June, Pete plans to attend college in the fall.

POETRY

PATTERNS

By Carol Sammons, '65

Patterns; all around
Everywhere.
Yellow ochre, burnt umber, dusty gray.
Rich earth colors mingle,
Sift together to stretch into roads
Where foot upon dust stirs up tiny cyclones.
Shadows loom, cut here and there
With jagged tufts of sunlight
Filtering through the trees.
Scarlet! Orange! Yellow! Blue!
Royal blues and deep formidable purples
Stretch across the horizon
Like rolling tapestry.

Trees; all around,
Everywhere.
The dead, smoky gray with dryness,
Yellow-orange with decay.
Naked, stripped of life.
A stark comparison to the living.
Growth of a tree,
Leaves dry with the changing.
Some still in summer's dress,
Some arrayed in crimson,
Orange, brown patterns.
Beneath the feet a splash of color.
Alizarin crimson berries
Against a background of fresh green.
Beside, a tall dry pussywillow
Views a patterned world.

So many patterns!
So beautiful!
Enough to vanquish the ugliness?
... I wonder!

SUMMER'S END

By Patrick Markham, '65

Summer is at an end,
And I'll bring it to a close,
With a foreboding of frosty toes.

Needless to say,
The sky is getting gray,
And closes about me,
And whisks me away.
A tremulous shake—
As though it were a quake—
Autumn breaks out!

AGES

By Peter Gillispie, '65

Once I was young,
secure and innocent.
Now I am old,
knowing and afraid.
Once I was young,
happy and curious.
Now I am old,
complaining and deaf to the new.
Once I was young,
loving and joyful.
Now I am old,
hateful and cruel.
What? We are still
young. Age will tell.

THE CLOWN

By Diane Curley, '65

The clown is such a happy guy;
What laughter fills each day!
His little bit of brightness
Helps people on their way.
He turns the pain to quickened joy;
He listens to the grieved.
And with an act, he makes them laugh,
And sorrow is relieved.
He accepts the weight of burdens;
He takes their share of woes.
And with a grin, he starts right in
To dance upon his toes.

Yet, in solitude, the clown retires;
And, head in hands, he sighs.
The laughter gone, the mask pulled off...
The clown breaks down and cries.

SCHOOL NOTES

P.H.S. RED CROSS CLUB

The high school Red Cross is an organization found all over the world. In this country alone there are over twenty million teenagers participating in a variety of activities this wonderful organization offers. Some youth groups are more active than others, but they all enjoy the rewarding feeling of accomplishing worthwhile projects while having fun doing it.

This year for the first time in the history of Berkshire County we are forming a youth organization at P.H.S. This group will be open to both boys and girls—sophomores, juniors, and seniors. The program throughout the year will include not only services to the community, but many social activities as well. Anyone who is interested in joining this group should contact Marsha Tepper in homeroom Cafeteria II.

WHAT IS D.E.C.A.?

D.E.C.A. (Distributive Education Clubs of America) is a national Retail Sales club organized to promote interest in marketing and distribution in high school students.

All the local clubs in Massachusetts comprise a State Association of D.E.C.A., and each State Association elects its own student leaders.

At a meeting September 24th the Pittsfield High School D.E.C.A. Club elected its officers for the year. They are as follows:

President: Robert Ouellette; vice-president and reporter, Michael O'Brien; secretary, Cheryl Knott; treasurer, Peter Manzo-lini.

The agenda for the year will be acted upon at future meetings and plans to participate in D.E.C.A. contests at the State Convention will be made.

PHI-HI-Y

Service projects and social events highlight the agenda this year for members of Phi-Hi-Y.

The club is open to all high school students. Meetings are held at the YMCA on Monday nights at 7:15. Phi officers for this year are: President, Michele Sisselman; girls' vice-president, Nancy Geaffrion; boys' vice-president, James Caffery; secretary, Maria Delusky; treasurer, William Martin; and chaplain, Marian Cimini.

SIGMA TRI-HI-Y

Sigma Tri-Hi-Y has a number of plans for this year's program according to its president, Teddy Politis. First on the list is a continuing project involving underprivileged children in Pittsfield. Plans now include a trip, perhaps to a farm, a Christmas party and inviting the children into members' homes.

Students are reminded that "Beat Tags" for all P.H.S. football and basketball games are being sold by Sigma members again this year.

Sigma welcomes all P.H.S. girls who are interested in taking part in its activities to attend any meeting at the YMCA on Monday nights at 7:15.

Other Sigma officers include: Vice-President, Diane Quirk; secretary, Sally Combes; and treasurer, Marilyn Cox.

YEARBOOK EDITORS

The capable editors of the 1965 yearbook, headed by Wendy Linscott, editor-in-chief, include:

Linda Gitelson, Dedication; Sally Combes, Pam Beehler, Faculty; Tim Stratner, Honor; Pat Willis and Judy Nadelberg, Class Pictures; Pete Danckert, Classroom Scenes; Kathie Wineman, Activities; Kerry Meehan and Ron Kasuba, History; Pete Robbie and Fred Pope, Boys' Sports; Pat Johnston, Girls' Sports; Gail Brogan and Ann Sildoja, Art; Debbie Monteleone, Eagle Liaison; Jerry LeBeau, Photography; and Nancy Thompson, Circulation.

FEATURES

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR COLLEGE

Basic information every student should have prior to selecting a college.

1. **ADMISSIONS**—Apply only to a college whose admissions are based entirely upon the results of the Kuder Preference Inventory Test. These colleges will efficiently point you toward your life work.

2. **TUITION**—Tell the college you will let your presence grace the campus only if they pay $\frac{3}{4}$ of your tuition, room, and board.

3. **ROOM AND BOARD** (additional)—Room service should include prompt attention from the valet, the maid, and the kitchen.

4. **TEACHER-STUDENT RATIO**—The number of teachers to the number of students should be relatively few. You are going to have enough problems without having to adjust to small classes.

5. **COURSE**—Special Problems 193 and 194 is a course worth taking. This class will solve all your problems in *other* classes.

6. **LOCATION**—A resort area complete with skiing, swimming, and tennis should surround the campus to provide a healthy atmosphere for learning.

7. **BOY-GIRL RATIO**—If you can't get into Yale, a suitable ratio of boys to girls is 9 to 1. (Unless, of course, you're a boy).

8. **GUEST LECTURES**—The cultural offerings of the college you choose should include intellectual speakers like "Peter, Paul and Mary," James Franciscus, and Bobby Baker.

If you find a college meeting all these requirements, *let us know!*

Jean Lusignan
Kathy McManama
Beverly O'Connell

TRANSLATIONS FROM PARENT

TEENAGER—"We dragged the car down North Street."

PARENT—"What happened to it?"

TEENAGER—"Mom, I got these sharp new shoes."

PARENT—"Good, but don't kick your little brothers."

TEENAGER—"I think I'll bomb over to Chris' house."

PARENT—"Why do you always think so destructively?"

TEENAGER—"That new record really turns me on."

PARENT—"I wish I could shut you off."

Sayings said by P.H.S. students, and then translated by their parents.

STUDENT: Let's go check it out.

PARENT: The grocery line is right here.

STUDENT: That outfit in the window is wicked!

PARENT: I don't think it's that bad.

STUDENT: Dad, what are you doing tonight?

PARENT: No, you can't have the car.

STUDENT: Guess what, Mom?

PARENT: How much did it cost?

STUDENT: Gee, Dad, you're the greatest.

PARENT: The greatest what?

STUDENT: You're the most wonderful Dad in the world.

PARENT: Now how much money do you need?

P.H.S. BEATLE TUNES

1. "DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET"
I'll never tell that Ziskimo fell on the floor at the dance.

2. "YOU CAN'T DO THAT"
My paper's worth an "A" not an "F".

3. "TELL ME WHY"
We have to do Maplewoods—in the senior class.

4. "THIS BOY"
is the one I'm after.

5. "MONEY"

Class Dues Already?

6. "BOYS"—

are the greatest invention since . . .

7. "ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN"—

dedicated to the music department

8. "I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER"—

than to take Latin 4

9. "NOT A SECOND TIME"—

Oh no! Not Algebra II again.

10. "YOU'VE REALLY GOT A HOLD ON ME"—

Dedicated to P.H.S. by the Seniors

11. "I'LL CRY INSTEAD"

. . . of doing 25 Trig problems, 10 Latin translations, 56 vocabulary words, etc.

12. "IF I FELL"—

. . . down the stairs at 1st lunch I'd be trampled.

13. "THERE'S A PLACE"—

Meet me in the lobby after school

14. "ASK ME WHY"—

What? The reason I didn't do my homework?!!!

15. "MISERY"—

Oh brother, another 6 period day.

16. "P.S. WE LOVE YOU" —

seniors to Mr. Herrick.

"TEST YOUR INTELLIGENCE"

Directions

Read each question carefully and mark the best answer. Do all questions, do not skip any. You have four minutes, 32 seconds. 3-2-1 GO!

The only way to go up the down stairs is

- Get there first
- Push, shove, squirm
- Say p-l-e-a-s-e excuse me
- Turn around

How to make the football team

- Practice
- Flatter the coach
- Have talent
- Keep late hours

The fastest fellow at P.H.S. is

- R. U. Roadrunner
- Tony Gibson
- Y. A. Turtle
- Jerry Jaguar

CASEY'S COLUMN

Another summer has come and gone, the last high-school summer for seniors. Seniors can usually be distinguished by their griping about all the work this year. That work is no lie. You can tell the sophomores by their generally inferior look, and the juniors—well, they're just juniors.

It's really too bad that all the marvelous information I've heard can't be printed. However, to the misfortune of several people we can still fit in quite a bit . . . Ray Millard's birthday present was *adorable*—a purple-and-white decorated basketball! . . . Why is the street-light next to Ros Walsh's house blacked out on one side? . . . Have you noticed Mrs. Susich's shoes? She has one pair for every "dia de la semana" . . . Dom Caparello's got a new version of the Monkey. It seems you sit on the floor . . . Easterner Dee Dee seems to be looking Southard lately . . . Well, Lib, "Here U R" back in school . . . the summer sun has brought out many highlights of the year; also the ashtray green—ask Judy! . . . Hey, Montel, do you think you'll merit a ride in Rit's new Sting Ray? . . . Well Kevyn, that certain grace that comes with cheerleading just isn't enough when it comes to walking down stairs . . . Is Jim Nagle still wrecking Danks about his "unwieldy syntax?" . . . Linda Passerini has taken to eating pears and blowing up balloons in sixth period study . . . That scooter ride Linda Roberts took one morning proved to be cold; all it got her was detention . . . Well, Vicki has given up her study of Michelangelo and gone on to bigger and better things. She hopes . . . However, Moe has still been studying that certain species in biology . . . There seems to be a little rivalry between Bethy and Joyce over no. 87 . . . Firemen have been waving at Janis lately—wonder why . . . Well, everybody, be good, or you may find yourself in Casey's next issue.

Sean O'Casey

LANGUAGES

Im Herbst sind die Berkshires eine Mischung der herrlichen Farben der Natur. In der Nacht überzieht der kalte herbstliche Frost die Bäume. Am Morgen sind die Blätter rot, gelb, und braun. Manche sind eine Verbindung der Farben und manche sind entweder mit Goldschnitt oder gefleckt. Sie sind sehr hübsch, wenn die Sonne auf sie scheint. Bald werden sie fallen und der Schnee wird Ihnen überziehen.

Le Drugstore

Quand vous allez a Paris, vous y allez pour rencontrer des français. Et, des que vous vous faites des amis français, où veulent-ils vous emmener? Mais oui, bien sûr, au Drugstore!

Passez a l'ombre de l'Arc de Triomphe et la a droite des Champs Elysees, se trouve ce nouveau phenomene a Paris—le fameux—Drugstore? A cause au nom vous etes surpris et vous vous attendez a voir un 'drugstore' comme en Amerique. A la premiere vue de l'exterieur cela a l'air d'une pharmacie ordinaire. Maintenant vous ne pouvez pas resister a la tentation d'y entrer.

Oh! La! La! Quel endroit Ye-Ye! Assis au comptoir il y a un blouson noir du Quartier Latin qui mange des huitres. A gauche, une vieille dame anglaise deguste un soda au chocolat. Dans un coin, deux amoureux se partageant des fraises franches avec de la creme. Et regardez la, devant le jukebox, il y a un etudiant des beaux arts qui bouffe son mais.

C'est une experience formidable et inoubliable.

So I goofed—I'm not German. When a student is learning German, he finds that those prepositions that take two cases seem to mean what they really don't, for example:

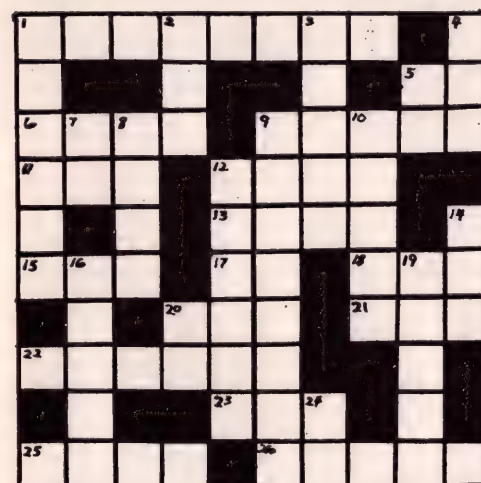
1. Die Schuler warteten auf dem zug.
(The students waited on top of the train.)
2. Der Mann, der Deutschland besuchte, schrieb viele Briefe auf seinem Freund.
(The man who visited Germany, wrote many letters on top of his friend.)
3. Die beiden Jungen diskutierten über ihrem neuen Klassenkamerad.
(Both boys talked on their new classmate.)
4. Das Mädchen isst in das Restaurant.
(The girl eats (her way) into the Restaurant.)
5. Die alte Frau liegt an dem Bett.
(The old woman lies beside the bed.)

Latin is a dead language, especially for the teenager. There are many necessary words which are not included in this ancient language. Let's supply a few of our own!

- autus, auti, m.—car
phonia, phoniae, f.—telephone
tevia, teviae, f.—television
radius, radi, m.—radio
guitar, guitaris, m.—guitar
beatus, beati, m.—beat
rockus, rocki, et rolla, rollae, m. & f.—rock 'n roll
twista, twistae, f.—twist
shimus, shimi, m.—shimmy
data, datae, f.—date
stead, steadis, f. & m.—steady boy, steady girl
shifta, shiftae, f.—shift
madra, madrae, f.—madras

LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- | Across | Down |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 wicked | 1 lack, want (nom. sing) |
| 5 from (prep) | 2 country (nom. sing) |
| 6 burden, job (nom. sing) | 3 wife (dat. sing) |
| 9 heart (dat. sing) | 4 there (adv) |
| 11 through (prep) | 5 to (prep) |
| 12 equal (dat. sing) | 7 not, lest |
| 13 sheep (nom. sing) | 8 city (nom. sing) |
| 15 art, skill (nom. sing) | 9 let us beware |
| 17 thing (abl. sing) | 10 laughter (nom. sing) |
| 18 in order that | 12 harbor (nom. sing) |
| 20 thus, so | 14 nothing |
| 21 salt-sea (nom. sing) | 16 throw back! (imperative) |
| 22 strength (gen. pl) | 19 touch! (imperative) |
| 23 I am | 20 Go (3rd principle part) |
| 24 I yield | 24 I (acc. sing) |
| 25 I sit | |



PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH (DEUTSCH)

1. "What does it gif for dinner?"
2. "Aunt Emmy's wonderful sick . . . she don't feel so pretty good."
3. "Pop . . . don't eat yourself full . . . there's a cake back yet."
4. "Look out the window and see if it's puttin' down anything."
5. "Amos stung his toe with a bee and it ouches him terrible."
6. "Come now, we make the dishes away—then we set ourselves awhile."—
7. "The paper wants rain . . . it wonders me if it don't gif a storm until evening."
8. "Throw papa down from the haymow his hat."
9. "I belled the door but it didn't make."
10. "Well, you just go the hill over and the road a little up till it gifs a fork."



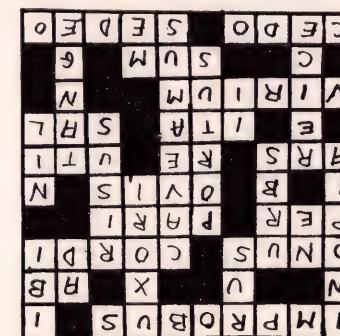
Brian K.: How do you kill a blue elephant?
Sue M.: With a blue elephant gun.

Al C.: Why does an elephant sleep on his back?

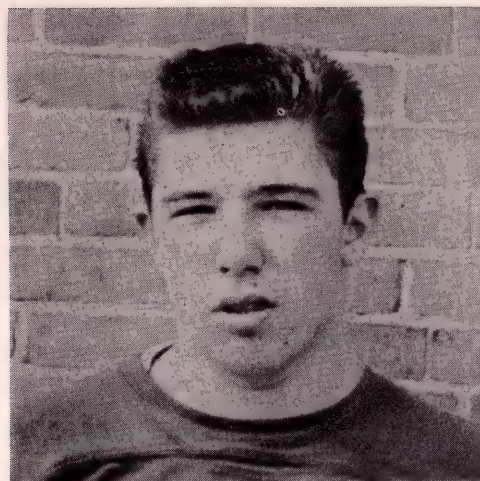
Linda P.: To trip low flying birds.

Pete R.: What is the black stuff in between the elephant's toes?

Libby F.: Slow natives.



BOYS' SPORTS



RUSTIC, STANHOPE, PREDICT SUCCESSFUL SEASON

When spring practice first started early in the month of June, it was a sure bet that seniors Darryl "Rusty" Rustic and Bill Stanhope would be elected as Co-Captains of the 1964 P.H.S. football team.

Both Rustic and Stanhope have a great leadership ability and are an excellent example of the great team spirit at P.H.S.

Rusty and Bill both feel that once again Pittsfield fans can expect a winning season despite the school's tough schedule. "I think New Bedford will be our toughest exhibition game, and St. Joseph's will be our toughest league game," said Rusty. "But," Bill added, "I think we can win both if the team stays clear of injuries."

Sophomores Tony Gibson and Jimmy Whitfield were highly praised by their captains for their offensive and defensive work. They also highly praised the work of the Massaoni brothers, Mike and Mitch, Jimmy Martin, and junior quarterback Tommy Grieve, who has done a great job.

Stanhope made the conclusion: "This year we should take all three titles; the city, county, and Class A." We hope so!!



TWO FALL SPORTS FOR P.H.S.

P.H.S. has seen a brand new sport come into its ranks this fall. This game popular with European and South American countries and fast growing in the U. S. is soccer.

There has been much interest in this game since the School Committee last year gave its approval as a Varsity sport. Spring practice was very successful with about 80 boys participating. This fall the team was cut to 25 men, mostly seniors and a few juniors, who have been practicing diligently to meet such opponents as Lenox Prep, Cornwall Academy, and Lebanon Central all of whom have been playing for years.

Under the capable direction of Coach Ralph Gionet and his assistant from Springfield College, Bob Desnoyer, the team will engage in several scrimmages and games with many Berkshire Schools both private and public in addition to participation in a clinic at Cranwell on September 22.

The Generals looked very good in scrimmages with Lenox Prep and Cranwell, even though they were defeated by the former. The team will also scrimmage Wahconah Regional, Lenox High, Adams, and Windsor Mt. J.V.'s. Games are scheduled with Mt.

Greylock, Williams High of Stockbridge, Lebanon Central, Windsor Mt. Varsity and Cornwall Academy.

In its first meeting with Lenox Prep the team was startled by the quickness in which they were scored upon but finally after settling down scored twice closing with a 6-2 score. In the second meeting with Lenox, Pittsfield did not score but held the Lenox boys to a 2-0 win, and in the same afternoon Cranwell and Pittsfield went scoreless in a 12-minute scrimmage.

Although this is the first P.H.S. team to take the field in soccer the coaches and boys feel that they will do very well and with 100% support from the students they can have a successful first season.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

With the returning to school we find the Pittsfield High Phys. Ed. Dept. hard at work. In addition to our two varsity sports—football and soccer—we have junior varsity football. But these sports take in only a small part of the male enrollment. A larger portion of these boys play intramural sports. This fall, soccer and gymnastics are offered every other day. Coach Silvester reports there are approximately 30 boys playing soccer and about 20 out for gymnastics. Any boy who wishes to participate in any of these sports is welcome to come to gym after school.

Later on during the winter, volleyball takes over, followed by basketball and wrestling. Gymnastics will continue throughout the fall and winter months.

SOCCER CAPTAINS

Recently, at a meeting of the 1964 soccer squad, John Lovejoy and John Unwin were elected co-captains. Both boys are seniors, and college prep students.

Lovejoy, also co-captain of the track team and a pole vaulter, plays center halfback. He also is on the ski team.

Unwin, also a trackman runs the two mile and plays wing and is also a skier.

Both captains agree wholeheartedly that P.H.S. will have a tremendous soccer season. This first season will be a long remembered one for P.H.S. and in particular for the boys who were on the first team to compete for Pittsfield High School.

HOW WILL THE SOCCER TEAM DO?

Pittsfield High has been represented by many fine teams in sports for years. This year P.H.S. is represented by a new team participating in a new sport to this area—soccer.

One wonders how well this team, coached by Mr. Gionet, will do. Mr. Gionet attempted to answer this question.

"Because Pittsfield High is a new team and some schools have had teams for 2 or more years, a problem stands before the team—inexperience. The schools that have had soccer for more years will have quite an advantage."

Although this team is inexperienced it is still a strong team with a lot of spirit and will be tough to beat. The Generals have already proven this to Lenox Prep, Lenox High and New Lebanon Central. Although Pittsfield lost 2 of these matches the winning margin was very slight.

P.H.S. WELCOMES COACHES HARRIS AND GASSON

There are two new faces on the football scene this season. They belong to Coaches Bob Harris and Louis Gasson. Coach Harris is filling the vacancy made when Matty Collins left P.H.S. Mr. Harris graduated from Purdue University with the class of '64. While at Purdue he played varsity tackle for 4 years. Coach Harris surely is a fine asset to our coaching staff.

Coach Gasson graduated from St. Bonaventure where he played varsity football. Mr. Gasson will have the difficult job of grooming J.V. players for varsity competition in the coming years. If anyone can, Coach Gasson can.

GIRLS' SPORTS



OUR CHEERLEADERS

Captain Jeannie Carmell is on the staff of *In General* and was on the Junior Prom decorating committee. She is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. and has plans to become a teacher.

Michele Sisselman is on the language staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, advertising staff of the yearbook, and is a cheerleading reporter for *In General*. Last year she was homeroom representative and a member of the decorating committee.

Libby Funke is an English Honors student and an associate editor of *In General*. In her junior year she was co-chairman of invitations for the Junior Prom. She is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A.

Cheryl McCormick is on the staff of the *Dome* and *In General*, a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. Last year she was on the Junior Prom decorating committee and played the piano for the Cadette Fashion Show.

Karen Wigglesworth is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. Last year she was in the Cadette Annual Fashion Show and a member of the Junior Class Council and Junior Prom decorating committee.

Chris Styczynski was a member of the Pittsfield High School Band and the Junior Prom decorating committee. When she graduates she plans to go on to college and become a biology teacher.

Kevyn Smith is on the feature staff of *In General* and *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. In her sophomore year she was homeroom representative and last year was on the Junior Class Council and Junior Prom decorating committee. She is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A.

Ros Walsh, a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A., is also on the staff of *In General* and the yearbook. In her junior year she was on the prom decorating committee.

Kris Rutka was on the Junior Prom decorating committee, Junior Class Council and appeared in the Biennial Gym Demonstration. She is also secretary of her Youth Fellowship.

Practice for cheerleaders was held behind the high school for an average of two hours a week during this past summer.

CADETTE NEWS

As the practices began for their performances at the football games, the new junior Cadettes have finally found out what it is to really march. These girls have been practicing very hard since the second day of school. Every girl is required to attend every practice. Nevertheless the girls enjoy every minute of it and their professional performance has proven it.

The girls who compose this fine group are: Junior Cadettes, Gail Danckert, Debbie Butler, Helen Zuorski, Linda Procopio, Janet Valenti, Lynda Person, Paula Berringer, Carol Gigliotti, Linda DeGeorgis, Kathy Hill, Mary Gilson, Carole Selin, Christine Finn, Carol McMahon, Kathy Loomis, Peggy Hoeske, Orrie West, Dorothy Augenstein, Christine White and Joan Mason.

The Senior Cadettes are: Susan Anderson, Nancy Brown, Susan Butler, Pat Ciuffreda, Mario DeGeorgis, Joann Cadorette, Chris Eulian, Nancy Geoffrian, Patti Johnston, Joan Kelly, Kerry Meehan, Pam Munson, Rosanna Pierce, Margret Plante, Chris Sharkey, Carol Stentiford, Janice Tower, Mary Whitman, Sue Carmell and Pat Coughlin.

Senior and Junior Cadette managers are respectively Pam Beehler and Barb Conte.

The girls are under the direction of Miss MacNaughton.

Gene C.: Why do elephants have wrinkled feet?

Pat J.: From tying their sneakers tight.

G.A.A. NEWS

The Annual G.A.A. Assembly was held Wednesday, September 23, marking the start of the 1964 Membership Drive. All P.H.S. girls were invited and were urged to participate in this year's G.A.A. program. Mr. Hennessey and Miss McNaughton spoke to the girls and the officers, President Patti Johnston, Vice-President Chris Eulian, Secretary Kathy Conry, and Treasurer Fran Duda, outlined the ideals, activities and purposes of G.A.A. The drive started September 24. Two desks were set up where the girls could sign up, one at the tunnel entrance and one outside the cafeteria.

This year's G.A.A. Pizza Party was held in October in the cafeteria. All members were invited. Free pizza was served to all, and two season basketball tickets were awarded to two lucky girls.

We wish the G.A.A. much success in its 1964-65 program.

VOLLEYBALL

The Girl's Physical Education Department sincerely hopes that many girls will come after school for volleyball. Beginners, intermediate and advanced players are all welcome to participate.

For the first several weeks, girls will be placed on teams which will play against each other. Then the varsity and junior varsity teams will be chosen and a tournament will be held. If you like fun and excitement, volleyball is for you. Sign up!

Jim T.: Why can't elephants ride bicycles?

Jeannie C.: Because they don't have a thumb to ring the bell.

Jim A.: How do you know if there is an elephant in the bathtub with you?

Karen W.: You can't get the shower curtain closed.

John C.: Why did the elephant shrink?

Nancy Z.: Because he wasn't sanforized.

ALUMNI NOTES

JOHN MATTOON—Freshman—St. Anselm's College

The work at St. Anselm's is much the same as the work at P.H.S. However, the amount of work and the number of long-term assignments is much greater. The teachers realize that a transition is taking place and that you are in a learning period. In your off-class hours there are many diversions, both at the school and in the area. There are many organizations to join and many clubs which specialize in your interests. P.H.S. seems to have prepared me well for my college responsibilities.

STUART RISPLER—Freshman—University of Massachusetts

U. Mass is all I thought it would be. No more detention, late slips, or code of dress. The work is of a different nature than in high school. No longer are we taught just to accept but to question and prove also. My classes vary from three hours on one day to nine hours on another day. The homework is heavier but is more of a research nature. The social life is infinitely better than Pittsfield. You live in a co-educational community of young men and women where something, either intellectual or athletic is always going on.

JUDY WILLIAMS of Colby College, Maine

College is great! For the first time in my life I feel as if I were accomplishing something. We study an average of seven hours a day, but it's not like the "busy work" which we received in high school. My biggest worry was that I didn't know *how* to study, but I found it came very easily. Some students take a semester or two to learn to

study, and then it's too late. The work isn't really that much harder than high school; there is just much more of it and there is much more depth to it. It's all very fascinating.

MIDSHIPMAN WILLIAM MICHAEL MARTIN of United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland

Now that I am an alumnus of P.H.S., I will set forth my view of how P.H.S. prepared me for college.

Actually, you can't call the U.S.N.A. a college in the sense of the word college. Why? When you think of college, you think of courses, fun, parties, dates, etc. Well, the U.S.N.A. isn't quite like that. There aren't any big campus parties, girls, etc. We don't go around dressed in just about anything we desire. The academy is very strict in many ways. Uniforms are immaculate; cleanliness is highly stressed. Academics are comparable to any top eastern college. Sports are also very big. As a matter of fact, some kind of physical activity is compulsory for all midshipmen.

I usually have a subject three to four times a week. To keep up with everything, I have to do quite a bit of studying. It is quite a bit different from P.H.S. Notes are a must. You just have to know how to take good notes. One thing I am certain about, P.H.S. gives a wonderful preparation for a college education. You may not realize it now, but it does.

Another noticeable difference is one is completely on his own here. If you don't understand something, it is up to you to get extra help. If not, within a week you will be flunking. At the N.A., I get a quiz just about after every other class. It is based on the day's assignment. If you are not prepared . . . you flunk. Zeros mount up.

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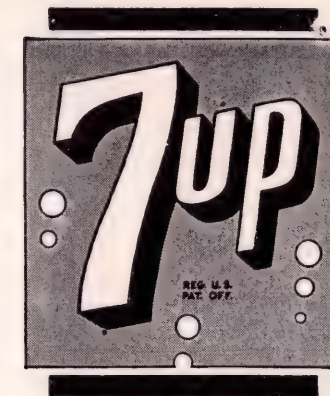
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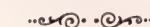
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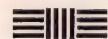
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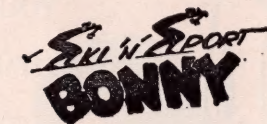
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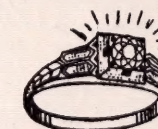
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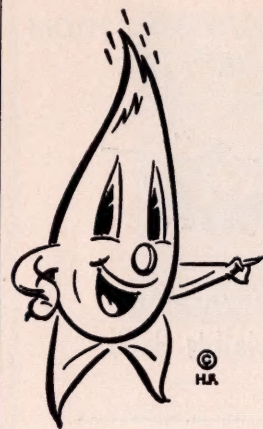
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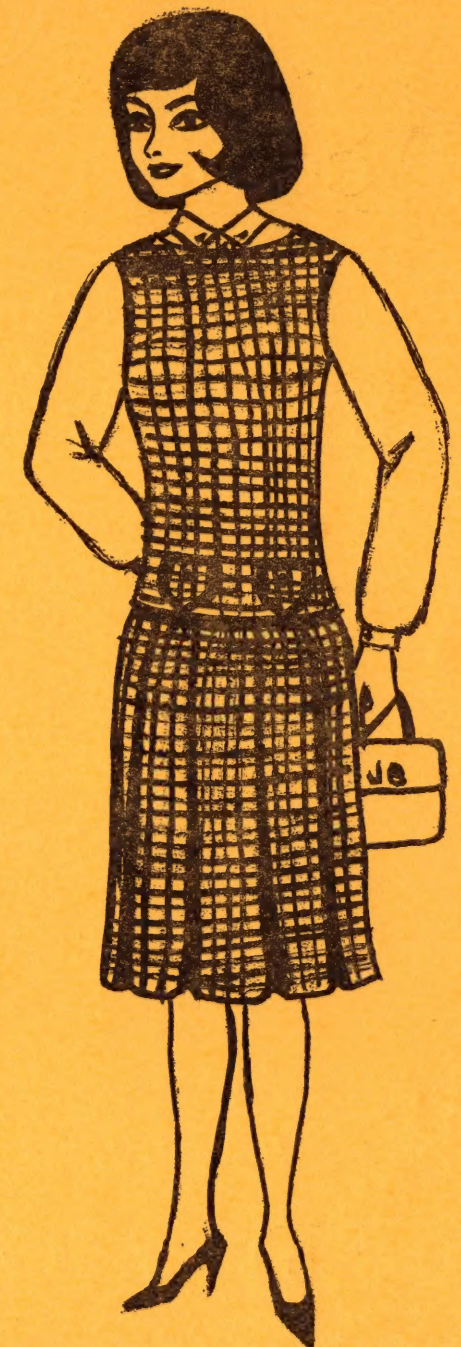
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